

Submitting 31

Chapter 31

Alden sounded weary and resigned when he said, "I've done my best for Matthias. Taking this chance to teach him a lesson isn't a bad idea. There's no need to calculate every detail!"

Scarlett shot him an angry glare. She chided, "Are you still my son? Your aunt has only one son, and she comes crying to me every day. How can I bear to..."

The moment Genevieve stepped out, even her mood lifted Suddenly, on the way back, a call came from Leonardo The producer said, "Ms. Lawrence, Rosalie is so cunning. To make a strong impact on camera, she scolded all the interns at Eagle Entertainment, nitpicking every detail!"

Genevieve's eyes flashed slightly, and she smilingly said, "I anticipated this. She holds grudges and won't miss this opportunity."

After ending the call, Genevieve unlocked her mobile phone to watch a clip intentionally released by the production team to generate attention. The video showcased Rosalie, who wore a mask, standing on stage, haughtily criticizing Jessica, a new intern Rosalie scolded, "Look at this garbage you call dancing! You even have the audacity to be on this stage! Your movements are rigid. Your expression is painfully contrived. Who do you think you're trying to seduce with that gaze?"

Jessica stood there, full of disbelief, but not a single word escaped her lips. Tears welled up in her eyes, making her look pitiful.

The netizens' comments were buzzing.

One netizen wrote: [This is too hurtful!]

Another commented: [I heard this person is from the famous Arden Dance Group, naturally, they're being critical']

Another wrote. [That poor girl looks like she's about to cry!]

Yet another commented: [Heartbroken; let's all give Jessica a hug!]

For a moment after the clip was released, the masked judge became an internet sensation, with many people praising her captivating presence and strict professionalism. The name Arden Dance Group added a touch of prestige to her image, and her mysterious mask created an aura of discretion that garnered favorable impressions. With a subtle purse of her lips, Genevieve dialed the company and uttered, "All right, let's spill the beans!"

In her contemplation, she wondered, 'Did Rosalie believe that a mere mask could shield her from the world? Did she assume that concealing herself behind it meant escaping from her sordid past? Life doesn't grant such easy redemption.'

Soon, the identity of the "masked judge" was exposed, originating from an inadvertently captured photo after the shoot. Following this, Rosalie's true identity emerged, and her dark history was once again brought to light.

The internet erupted with netizens' comments once more: [Anthony Hoffman's mistress!]

Another commented: [So, it's that woman who has been a mistress. Does she even deserve to be a judge?]

Another wrote: [No wonder she targeted Jessica so much. Jessica previously exposed the clarification video of her falsely accusing someone of accompanying her for drinks!]

Another commented: [Settling personal vendetta with such skill! Anthony's power knows no bounds!]

In less than an afternoon, Rosalie went from being a respected judge to a public scapegoat. The TV station was in chaos, and Alden was hunting for the mole who had taken the picture, but with no success.

Anthony, caught in the crossfire of an undeserved scandal, witnessed the entire Hoffman Group plunged into paralysis. The once lively office now echoed with silence.

The situation left Aiden baffled by the persistence of the trending topic, even after substantial financial investment. He asked, "Why is it not subsiding? Can't we remove it from the trending topics even after spending money?"

Aiden, sitting despondently, scratched his head and stood up. He added, "This must be Genevieve buying the trend. She's just jealous of Rosalie..."

Anthony, exasperated, slammed a document onto the table. With a cold and intimidating tone, he said, "Who told you to meddle with her? Didn't I tell you not to interfere?"

Aiden hesitated and said with a complicated expression, "I wanted to help Rosalie. Genevieve is too cunning. Tony, you have to step in this time. After all, she is the mother of your child!"

Anthony's brow furrowed after he heard this. He cast a deep, cold glance at him, his voice icy and resolute when he said,

"Get out."

The mention of "the mother of your child" made Anthony's heart clench. Suddenly, he thought of Genevieve and the child who never entered the world.

No one knew that his real child had come and gone.

He felt a sharp, tingling pain in his heart. "If Aiden had minded his own business, none of this trouble would have happened!" Anthony mused.

Aiden trembled slightly and left the office, not daring to say anything more.

Anthony's secretary, Daniel Simmons, knocked on the door and entered, saying, "Mr. Hoffman, the investigation is complete. It's confirmed that Eagle Entertainment bought the trending topic, and they frankly admitted it."

This revelation felt like a sudden blow to Anthony's head, catching him off guard. Having been by Anthony's side for years, Daniel knew that Anthony, with his temper, would have already exposed and dealt with the person behind all this.

However, the situation was complicated by Genevieve's involvement. Public opinion had been brewing for hours, and Anthony was still in the stage of losing his temper.

'Weird. What's there to worry about after getting divorced?' Daniel pondered.

The personnel from the Public Relations Department was waiting anxiously outside. Daniel had to grit his teeth and lay out

their plan.

He said, "Mr. Hoffman, it's in Hoffman Group's best interest to cut ties with Ms. Lawrence, though it may cast doubts on Mr. Samson Hoffman's identity. On the contrary, if we opt not to clarify and only remove the trending topics, the expenses will be substantial, and the outcome may fall short of our expectations."

Anthony coldly raised his eyes, a chill present in his gaze. He uttered, "What's the point of having you two here?"

Daniel could not help but mutter, "Maybe if you call Genevieve, it might work!"

Anthony's gaze swept over him fiercely. Daniel immediately chose to shut up and exit, leaving the office in silence.

Anthony hesitated before pulling out his backup phone to make the call. The other end picked up quickly, the voice soft and seemingly cheerful. She said,

"Who's this?"

Anthony cleared his throat, his tone chilling as he said, "Genevieve, It's me. I didn't arrange for Rosalie to go to the TV station."

"Yeah, I know. It was Aiden," Genevieve replied casually.

Genevieve's indifferent tone sent a strange feeling through Anthony.

However, soon, he caught on, and his face darkened. He said, "So you deliberately bought the trending topic.

A gloomy look filled his eyes, and his fists clenched involuntarily.

Before he could finish, Genevieve's laughter echoed, laced with sarcasm. She remarked, "Anyway, you and Rosalie are getting married soon. Both of you can endure the hardships together!"

Anthony and Rosalie were in the same boat, and she would not spare either of them.

After saying that, she hung up and blocked the number for good as talking to Anthony soured her mood.

Anthony stared at the darkened screen, his chest rising and falling sharply.

'That's just unreasonable! Anthony fumed.

He dialed again, but the number was unreachable.

He angrily threw the phone to the ground, resulting in a loud sound.

'Doesn't she feel any guilt or regret? Is she pretending not to care? Anthony pondered angrily Daniel, hearing the commotion, entered the room and glanced at the mess on the ground.

He said, "Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Stewart is here..."

It was not surprising that Rosalie came. After all, the situation was beyond Aiden's control. She had to plead with Anthony.

Anthony frowned and was about to refuse when Rosalie, with red and swollen eyes, walked in.

Anthony glared at Daniel, the incompetent assistant, who lowered his head in dismay. He could not help Romy Xle but think 'Rosalie is Samson's mother and likely the future matriarch of Hoffman Group. Who would dare to stop her?'

"Anthony, please help me. Genevieve is trying to push me to the brink. She orchestrated all of this, and no matter what I do, she'll never be satisfied.

matter Must it come to an extreme end?"

asked Rosalie.

Anthony's eyes darkened, his voice cold as he said, "If you hadn't appeared on the show, none of this would have happened!"

Rosalie sensed the detachment in his tone and froze for a moment before saying, "Samson's name is not on the family tree yet, Anthony..." Silence lingered in the office for a few minutes, only broken by Rosalie's soft sobbing.

Anthony sighed, showing signs of weariness. He instructed, "Go back for now. I'll handle this for the last time. Once Samson is on the family tree, you'll go abroad."

His tone was cold. It left no room for negotiation.

Chapter 32

Anthony offered to send her away again.

Rosalie froze slightly. Although she was extremely reluctant, she could only agree for the time being.

Eyes reddened, she sobbed weakly, "Anthony, I've caused you a lot of trouble, and I feel bad. If you want me to leave, I will."

Anthony didn't say anything else and took out his phone to call the media platforms.

Anthony had offered to pay money, not to mention doing it in person. Naturally, the media was wary of his influence and wouldn't refuse him the favor.

Soon, the online sensation was forcibly brought to a halt.

Although the netizens mocked Rosalie for having powerful support, even those comments soon disappeared.

The infidelity affair of another celebrity in the circle was revealed, and everyone suddenly shifted their attention elsewhere.

Rosalie was in a great mood when she left Hoffman Group.

She took a selfie under the building of Hoffman Group and posted it on her Instagram, along with the caption: [I thank fate for our encounter!]

She put on a pretentious demeanor as if her life was utterly peaceful and serene.

Someone sent the photo to the chatting group consisting of scions, and Selene forwarded it directly to Genevieve.

Selene said, "As expected, Anthony, being rich and powerful, helped Rosalie clean up the mess. Why don't they just announce their relationship in public?"

Genevieve saw the message without any fluctuations of emotion in her heart. She merely found it ridiculous.

She thought, 'Isn't this to be expected?"

Genevieve replied calmly, "The Hoffman family doesn't approve of Rosalie. He won't announce his marriage because he has to consider the stock price and market."

Selene clicked her tongue and cursed, "So, that's it? That's the end to this matter related to Rosalie?"

Genevieve smiled and said, "It's impossible for her to go to the TV station again. Besides, Jessica has attracted many fans because of this!!

Selene chuckled. "Your wishes are so simple!"

Then, after Selene hung up, Genevieve smiled.

Genevieve thought, There's no need to hurry. The interesting part has yet to unfold!"

Rosalie was overwhelmed by unexpected favors when she received Quincey's call. It had always been the butler who contacted her.

Quincey behaved as prideful, haughty, and arrogant as usual. "Come and pick up Samson tonight."

Before Rosalie could respond, she hung up.

It was simply because the scandal online had implicated Anthony, so Quincey vented her anger on Rosalie.

Rosalie smiled with triumph.

She thought, 'Even someone like Genevieve could marry into the family. With Samson, wouldn't I have a greater chance?'

She took a taxi directly to the Hoffman residence.

Several noblewomen were drinking coffee inside. Samson's crying sound was mixed with their laughter, which caused the scene to sound very lively.

Rosalie entered with a courteous smile and walked up to Quincey obediently. Rosalie half knelt on the ground, poured coffee for them, and served the group humbly.

Everyone wore a half-smile and exchanged pleasantries, but no one really looked at Rosalie.

When everyone left, Samson was also taken up by the maid to play.

Rosalie knelt beside Quincey again and picked up a cup of coffee. "Mrs. Hoffman, you must be tired from taking care of Samson. I noticed he has gained a lot of weight every time I see him these days. You are truly capable!"

Hearing that, Quincey snorted coldly. She thought, 'Of course I must put in the effort in taking care of my grandchild.'

However, she was utterly dissatisfied whenever she recalled Rosalie was Samson's biological mother. "Isn't today's scandal bad enough? If Samson grows up knowing that his real mother is someone like you, do you think others will still respect him? You staying here will only bring disgrace to Anthony and Samson. I think you'd better go abroad as soon as possible. I will give you a sum of money. Don't come back in the future."

Rosalie's expression stiffened abruptly.

She put in more effort to force a smile and said hastily, "Mrs. Hoffman, what happened online today was deliberately caused by Genevieve to harm me. I just said a few professional comments, and she held grudges against me. Those matters have long been over..."

When Quincey heard the name "Genevieve," she was immediately reminded of being exposed by Genevieve in the restaurant. She flew into a rage, and her expression turned colder. "That's enough. It's settled. There won't be a place for you in the Hoffman family even if you stay. Don't you ever take a look at yourself in the mirror? Moreover, Anthony will be implicated by you!"

Colors drained from Rosalie's face, and she almost couldn't hold her coffee cup stably.

She was about to say something when the butler said, "Mr. Hoffman is back."

As soon as he finished speaking, Anthony came in and saw Rosalie kneeling there with coffee. He frowned slightly. "Why are you here?"

Rosalie lowered her head. A gleam flashed across her eyes as she made a decision inwardly.

She thought, 'Since I can't get my way with Quincey, I can only try my luck with Anthony'

She turned around, sobbed pitifully, and reluctantly pouted as if trying to hold back her grievances. "... I'm here to pick up Samson."

She handed the coffee forward and said gratifyingly, "Mrs. Hoffman, the coffee is getting cold. Would you like to try it?"

They were all women, so Quincey could see through Rosalie's tricks at a glance.

Quincey couldn't stand watching Rosalie's pretentious demeanor, especially in front of Anthony.

Quincey thought, 'In this aspect, Genevieve is much better than her!'

She flew into a rage and waved away the coffee cup, splashing all the coffee on Rosalie.

Rosalie shrieked and stepped backward to dodge. Face pale with shock and tears welling up in her eyes, she gazed at Quincey. "Mrs. Hoffman, even if you don't like me, please don't be angry. You must be mindful of your health." Quincey narrowed her eyes and stood up with a more disdainful look on her face. "Your skills and patience in making coffee are inferior even to Genevieve's, yet you have the audacity to ask me to take a sip?"

Anthony walked over with a stern expression and pulled Rosalie up from the ground. "Did Genevieve also make coffee like this before?"

He thought, 'Did she also kneel on the ground and submissively allow those high and mighty noblewomen to criticize and scorn her?'

Anthony was aware of Quincey's temperament and knew that Genevieve must've suffered when dealing with Quincey.

However, when he witnessed that scene in person, a sense of discomfort instantly surged within him.

The numbing and intense agony overwhelmed him, catching him off guard.

He realized over the past three years, he seemed to have neglected a lot of things. Quincey snorted coldly and looked at Rosalie mockingly. "People with a lower status like her should do all these things."

Anthony's face darkened at once.

Rosalie held Anthony's arm pitifully and quickly dissuaded him, "Anthony, belohim don't get angry because of me. This is my obligation, and I failed to do it well. I will work hard to learn."

Anthony took a deep breath and suppressed his churning emotions. "You take Samson out of here."

Rosalie paused. "I..."

Quincey said indifferently, "Samson can't leave. My precious grandson got tired of playing and is still sleeping!"

Rosalie didn't want to sever the ties between Samson and the Hoffman family at that time either, so she hurriedly said, "Anthony, forget it. I'll pick him up later. A dinner banquet will be held here for his name to be registered in the family tree a few days later so Samson can take this opportunity to familiarize himself with the surroundings."

Only when Samson's name was written into the Hoffman family tree could Rosalie feel at ease.

Quincey saw through Rosalie's thoughts and sneered with intense disdain.

Quincey thought, 'I must admit she's quite sensible.'

Anthony glanced at Rosalie, pursed his thin lips slightly, and said with a somber expression, "Whatever. I'll ask the driver to drive you."

He went out to call someone, and Rosalie took the opportunity to follow him. While standing there together, she couldn't help complaining softly, "I know Mrs. Hoffman doesn't like me, but Genevieve comes from a worse background, yet she could stay by your side for three years. I won't do worse than her."

Anthony's expression and the look in his eyes turned cold. "You don't have to compare with her. There's nothing to be compared between you two."

Chapter 33

Rosalie suddenly raised her head and turned pale.

Anthony did not say it clearly, but he implied that she couldn't compare with Genevieve at all.

Rosalie secretly gritted her teeth. There was no way she could lose to Genevieve.

After the internet scandal, the television station's programs attracted more attention.

Rosalie felt embarrassed and defeated, while Leonardo could not wait to open a bottle of wine to celebrate.

Samson's birthday banquet was extremely grand.

Even Lawrence Group received invitations, not to mention other celebrities.

Darrell threw the invitation on the table, disdainful, and said angrily, "Anthony's so shameless. Samson is only an illegitimate child, and he wants the whole world to know! He just got divorced, yet he's taking in that illegitimate child and woman so grandiosely. Isn't this trying to humiliate Genevieve on purpose?"

Genevieve was being bullied to death. How could he sit still?

The living room was silent. No one dared to make a sound..

Genevieve came in through the door and heard Darrell's rough voice. She felt that something was wrong, so she chuckled. "Dad, it'd be a shame not to go to such a lively occasion. I'll head upstairs and change my clothes to join the party with Jeffrey. Please don't be angry!"

Looking at her cheerful back, Darrell felt upset and covered his chest. Then, he looked at the butler and said, "Hasn't she given up on the Hoffman family? Why is she still going?"

Dennis paused for a while and answered hesitantly, "It seems Ms. Lawrence is up to no good..."

He had watched Genevieve grow up. Every time she was about to get into trouble, she would be very excited, just like now.

When they arrived at the banquet, it began to drizzle.

Not only were there many celebrities invited to the banquet, but there was also a lot of media filming at the door.

Genevieve wore a simple long off-shoulder dress, which outlined the slender curve of her waist and made her look stunning.

She got out of the car and walked forward while holding Jeffrey's arm, with many lights shining on her.

Genevieve smiled gently and slightly, with a bright and gracious poise that people couldn't help but stare at her.

Once she appeared, she was the center of attention.

She seemed unaffected by the rumors of the rich and powerful families that were all over the internet. Genevieve was still radiant.

One of the reporters couldn't help asking, "Ms. Lawrence, as Mr. Hoffman's ex-wife, you are here to attend his son's welcome party. Are you going to make trouble?"

Everyone couldn't help but look over.

At Samson's last birthday banquet, she directly asked for a divorce.

Would she cause an even bigger uproar this time?

Genevieve smiled gently and said, "Of course not. I'm here to congratulate them."

Her beautiful and charming smile captivated everyone. In the blink of an eye, she entered the hall with Jeffrey.

The banquet hall was luxurious and dazzling. It was even more splendid than the last birthday banquet.

Anthony, who was standing there talking to people, saw Genevieve at a glance.

Jeffrey was right next to her.

Anthony's gaze darkened.

He deliberately avoided inviting her to the banquet, yet she came anyway.

Anthony was suddenly filled with unspeakable irritation and anxiety.

Her brilliance was eye-catching, but her presence here shocked him.

Anthony couldn't help but remember her reaction at the last birthday banquet, so sad and desperate.

He mused, 'And her unborn child...

Would she be even more heartbroken to see me acknowledge another child?"

All of a sudden, Anthony's heart felt like it was being squeezed, and pain spread all over his body.

He walked over step by step, staring at the expression on Genevieve's face.

She must have been very sad, but she was pretending so well. Her smile was particularly dazzling.

Anthony's eyes were grim. He pursed his lips and said in a hoarse voice, "Why did you come here?"

He thought, 'Is she trying to prove that she's doing well now?'

Genevieve smiled politely and sincerely. "I came to congratulate you and witness this important moment."

Anthony's jaw tightened.

His heart filled with an indescribably complicated bitterness.

Jeffrey smiled lightly and interrupted them, "The venue today is so grand and extravagant. Even Mr. Hoffman's wedding back then wasn't on this large a scale, right? It seems that Hoffman Group has a truly memorable successor. I think we'll be drinking wine at his wedding dinner again soon!"

Anthony's eyebrows twitched fiercely. He looked over with a cold gaze, and his expression was frigid.

'He's telling the truth, but why does it sound so bad?' he thought.

He turned to look at Genevieve. There was nothing wrong with her face, and she smiled casually as if she didn't care at all.

Jeffrey then said, "Mr. Hoffman, there's someone else I know here, so I'll go over and say hello. Excuse me."

He took Genevieve's hand and walked past Anthony in the other direction.

Anthony felt regretful and thought, 'Why didn't I give her a wedding in the first place?'

Genevieve's gaze swept around, and her smile slowly deepened when she saw the person she wanted to see.

She let go of Jeffrey's hand and said in a low voice, "Jeffrey, I'm going to the restroom."

Jeffrey nodded.

She turned to walk in another direction and saw Quincey, who was surrounded by people complimenting her.

Quincey was dressed in luxurious and dignified clothes, smiling. When she saw Genevieve walking toward her, her smile froze.

Then, there was disgust and disdain in her eyes.

It seemed that even one glance at her on an occasion like this spoiled Quincey's mood.

With a smile on her face, Genevieve went straight to the bathroom.

When she came out, she saw Quincey standing at the end of the corridor.

Quincey grimaced and couldn't help rolling her eyes when she saw Genevieve's chest heaving up and down. She said in a sharp and mean voice, "Are you ever allowed to be NO here? Genevieve, do you still refuse to give up on Anthony, and plan on ruining my grandson's life? I'm telling.

you, my sweetheart grandson is already a member of the Hoffman family. He'll be the family heir one day. As for you, don't even think about meddling with us again. Just stay away as far as you can!"

Genevieve stepped forward with a smile and raised her eyebrows. She spoke, "Mrs. Hoffman, Ddon't mean O to make trouble between you two. I'm here to sincerely congratulate you on your family's new successor."

She glanced at Quincey and asked casually, "Why don't I see Samson's mother?"

I haven't said congratulations to her yet!"

Quincey had sent Rosalie to the longue to wait. She didn't need to show up.

If Anthony had not allowed Rosalie to come over, Quincey would never have let her appear here as such.

Quincey snorted coldly. "There's no need for you to be pretentious. If you're sensible, get lost. You don't even look at the

people who came today. Who do you think you are? You're dirtying our family's turf!"

Genevieve arched her eyebrows a little playfully, and her smile gradually deepened. 'Mrs Horman; I'm relieved if my presence can make things difficult for you."

She ignored Quincey's furious face and smiled as she walked past her.

During those three years, Quincey mistreated her like she was an abused dog, but she endured it for her marriage.

however, Genevieve could fight back without qualms. She would no longer grin and bear it.

Genevieve walked into the banquet hall and winked at a server without anyone noticing.

Soon, someone e sent a an anonymous document to Quincey.

Chapter 34

The banquet's highlight finally arrived.

Rosalie finally showed up with Samson in a small suit in her arms and standing beside Anthony. At the very front of the crowd, Rosalie was all smiles with a hint of complacency on her face.

Rosalie thought about how Samson would be the eldest grandson of the Hoffman family after that day. Thus, she felt she had nothing to worry about, considering she was already halfway into the wealthy family.

'So what if I saw Genevieve here just now?' thought Rosalie.

Rosalie was confident there was nothing Genevieve could change.

At that moment, Anthony's father, Presley, walked to the center with a big smile.

With that, the banquet hall gradually quieted down.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now officially announce that Samson is the eldest grandson of the Hoffman family. I will give 3% of the shares of the Hoffman Group as a gift to my eldest grandson!" said Presley.

Instantly, everyone applauded loudly.

However, someone suddenly shouted in shock, Surprised, everyone fell silent instantly.

er with a pale for Then, Quincey walked over with a pale face, her chest heaved up and down. She glared at Rosalie fiercely and went over to Presley.

With trembling hands, Quincey dragged Presley to the side with her back toward the crowd. Then, she handed over the documents in her hand.

Presley frowned and took the documents. His pupils shrank as soon as he read them, and his face changed instantly.

Presley turned to look at the child in Rosalie's arms with a livid face. There was no longer love in his gaze but only anger and gloom.

Meanwhile, Rosalie was still over the moon about the shares. After all, 3% of shares would mean they would not need to worry about anything for the rest of their lives.

The next second, Presley clutched his chest as his face turned pale. He held the paper tightly and slowly slumped to the ground.

Quincey hurriedly shouted in a panic, "Someone call the doctor."

The room instantly dissolved into chaos.

forward to help him.

Soon, Presley was escorted to the lounge to a doctor.

Anthony stayed behind to comfort the crowd, and everything went on as usual.

Still, Anthony noticed the change in his parents' emotions. He pursed his thin lips, loosened his collar, and followed them with a complicated look.

Meanwhile, Rosalie was still in shock.

After the banquet was interrupted, Rosalie could not help but feel a little uneasy and tightened her arms around Samson.

When Rosalie turned around, she noticed Anthony had disappeared. However, she saw Genevieve standing not far away and looking at her.

Genevieve looked at Rosalie with a meaningful smile. With glistening eyes, Genevieve raised the glass in her hand at Rosalie.

At that moment, Rosalie felt her heart sank.

Rosalie was a little flustered.

Rosalie glared at Genevieve and ran toward Presley's lounge.

However, someone pulled Rosalie as soon as she entered the room, and she almost dropped Samson.

Before Rosalie could regain her balance, she was slapped hard in the face.

Instantly, Samson was so frightened that he began to cry.

Rosalie covered her face in shock and glanced at the lounge.

It turned out there were no doctors in the room.

Instead, Presley expression.

He sat on the sofa with a grim face. There was a hint of anger and indifference in his. Meanwhile, Anthony was looking at a piece of paper in his hand with a dark gaze and furrowed brows.

Rosalie took a deep breath and put Samson on the ground. Feeling aggrieved, her eyes welled up with tears as she looked at the cold Quincey.

'Mrs. Hoffman, what's going on? Why are you so angry?' asked Rosalie.

Quincey was so angry that her chest was hurting. At that moment, she even felt like killing Rosalie.

"How could you even ask that? You gave birth to a bastard and claim he's a Hoffman. I've seriously underestimated you. To think of all the prominent figures we have invited for a bastard. What an embarrassment!" shouted Quincey.

Quincey's voice was sharp and harsh. She had suppressed all her emotions until then and did not make a scene outside earlier. However, she finally couldn't stand it anymore.

Blood drained from Rosalie's face. Her pupils contracted immediately as she cried weakly, "Bastard? Samson is a Hoffman. How can you not believe me and Anthony?"

Rosalie almost burst into tears after saying that.

Still, Quincey felt extremely disgusted as she looked at Samson, who looked very similar to her son.

Quincey never doubted that Samson was not Anthony's biological child because of how similar the two were.

However, now that they had the DNA test report, Quincey realized how big of a lie it was.

Quincey turned her eyes away in disgust and looked at Rosalie angrily, who was still acting pitiful and in denial. Quincey was furious.

"You bitch. You're still not admitting?" asked Quincey.

At that moment, Anthony stopped Quincey's insult and interrupted, "Mom..."

Tears rolled down her cheeks as Rosalie ran to Presley and fell to her knees. Piteously, she said, "Mr. Hoffman, the child is truly a Hoffman. I'm not lying.

Please believe me!"

Presley's expressionless face suddenly changed. He narrowed his eyes, and his gaze darkened.

"In that case, let's do another DNA test!" said Presley.

Rosalie was shocked and immediately looked up at Anthony.

Rosalie opened her mouth and was about to continue begging, but Anthony scrunched up the DNA test report in his hand and tossed it aside.

"Don't bother. Samson is not mine," said Anthony.

Hearing that, the room instantly fell silent.

Rosalie's face stiffened as she said, "Anthony, what are you talking about?"

Quincey walked over furiously and pushed Rosalie.

"I knew you were up to no good, bitch. You took advantage of the Hoffman family even though you're pregnant with someone else's child. You made the Hoffman family a joke!" said Quincey.

Rosalie was shaking and collapsed on the ground. She looked at Anthony for help.

"Anthony, you..." Rosalie muttered.

Rosalie's face slowly crumpled in terror.

Rosalie believed that with Anthony's power, he could have hidden the whole thing if he had done something about it with

the doctors.

'But he didn't... thought Rosalie.

Anthony's gaze was dark. He exuded a cold aura and said callously, "Someone deliberately sent the DNA test to uncover the truth. Dad, Mom, I'm sorry. I deliberately hid it from. you."

Presley was livid and slapped Anthony.

Anthony didn't dodge an inch and took the slap.

Quincey's heart ached for Anthony as she walked over. She was mad, but she also felt bad for him.

"Did this woman coax you into it? What magic potion did she give you to make you raise another person's child? Do you know what the shares mean?" asked Quincey.

Anthony glanced at Quincey and then looked at Presley. His gaze was filled with despair and sadness as he answered, "Dad, the child is not mine, but it's indeed a child of the Hoffman family."

Anthony's voice was deep. Presley suddenly raised his head with a fierce gaze at his answer.

"What did you say?" asked Presley.

Quincey's expression also changed. She looked at Anthony and said, "Anthony, what nonsense are you talking about?"

Anthony's face darkened. He knew that he could no longer hide the secret. A DNA test might not be enough to prove anything, but it would make Presley suspicious.

Thus, it was only a matter of time before the secret was out.

Anthony raised his eyes and said coldly. "Dad, you haven't forgotten that you have another son, have you? Samson is Austin's only bloodline in the world."

Chapter 35

That was why Anthony insisted on having Samson back to the Hoffman family.

Presley was stunned completely, and his expression turned solemn in an instant.

When Quincey, who was at the side, heard the name, she went forward to hit him as though she had lost her mind.

"You're such a rebellious son! How dare you bring back that man's child? He's that woman's son, and he was born after she divorced your dad! He isn't a part of the Hoffman family! Are you out of your mind? It's none of our business whether he's dead or not. I can't believe that you're even raising his child for him. You're so ungrateful!" Quincey exclaimed.

Quincey gritted her teeth in fury. She could not calm down even when she was facing her own son.

Back then, Presley had an affair with Quincey before he divorced his ex-wife, Linda, Quincey was pregnant for one month, and she pressured Linda to give up her position as Presley's wife. Hence, Linda divorced him without hesitation.

Then Linda had gone abroad after the divorce. In the third month after the divorce, her friends saw her on the street with a baby bump, and she was already pregnant for four months.

She was pregnant before Quincey.

After knowing that, Presley regretted it and went abroad to look for her. However, Linda refused to go back, and Presley was regretful.

It was too late, though.

He came back and married Quincey, and the latter gave birth to Anthony. Only then did their lives slowly get back on track.

For Quincey, the existence of Austin and Linda was a thorn in her heart.

It was also proof of Quincey's disgraceful past.

Linda named her son Austin, and Presley named Quincey's son Anthony.

The relationship between them was more than just an unspoken blood relation.

Quincey had been upset by this for years.

was so angry But now, her own son had brought the grandson of Presley's ex-wife back to reunite with their family. Quincey was so that she almost lost her mind.

Before the sound of her scoldings attracted the attention of the people outside, Anthony finally reached out to grab her hand to keep her under control, his eyes deep.

"Mom that'e annunk. Da unui want quaninna to hear the Hoffman family'e erandal? Anthony questioned.

With just one sentence, Quincey fell silent instantly. Her lips trembled, and she could not utter a word.

It was a disgraceful scandal, indeed.

If Samson's identity was exposed, everyone would know the dirty laundry of the Hoffman family in the past, and people would know that Quincey was actually a homewrecker.

She looked at Presley with a terrified look in her eyes. Presley wore a serious expression, and there was a shadow looming over him. No one could tell his emotions.

Presley slowly raised his head and looked at Anthony with his murky eyes. "He's... dead?"

Anthony's face darkened. His thin lips pressed into a straight line. Clenching his fists and enduring the grief, he nodded.

Anthony met Austin when he was studying abroad.

At that time, due to the Hoffman family's high standards and stringent requirements, Anthony was not allowed to express any unnecessary emotions.

Austin was bright and lively. They looked similar, so Austin felt they were fated to meet each other. As such, he was exceptionally close to Anthony.

Then, they became very good friends.

Until Anthony went to Austin's house and saw a photo of Linda. The same photo was also in Presley's study.

All of a sudden, he found out Austin's identity.

Anthony had mixed feelings, but he felt guilty, too.

Now, Austin's only child was still alive. He just could not bring himself to ignore him.

Holding his head which seemed to be full of signs of aging, Presley let out a sigh as he hid his emotions deep down.

He stood up and looked down at Samson, who was standing timidly beside Rosalie. There was a complicated look in his gaze.

"The guests are still waiting outside. Let's go out!" he said.

His words made Rosalie feel hopeful.

Quincey's expression changed, and she looked up abruptly.

'I disagree. This woman is promiscuous. No one knows whose child he is. I think we can end this banquet. We can't just let him have the shares so easily!'

exclaimed Quincey.

Presley's expression was grim as he cast his apathetic gaze upon her.

With only one glance, Quincey fell into a panic.

She went silent for a few seconds.

Presley walked over and patted Quincey's hand. His voice was full of profound implication and a hint of coldness as he said, "Let's go out. You're the lady of the household. How can you not show up?"

He glanced at Rosalie, who was on the ground and looking hopeful. Without a trace of warmth, he said, "Have the doctor come here later, and we'll know if he's a child of the Hoffman family."

Before Rosalie could relax, she froze.

Presley was still skeptical.

Quincey glared at Rosalie fiercely before she left. She wished she could rip this bitch into pieces.

'She even dared to get me involved in her scheme? Quincey thought.

As soon as they left, Rosalie could not stop crying. She looked at Anthony with a pitiful look and sobbed, "Anthony, Mrs. Hoffman won't let me and Samson go. What should I do now?"

Anthony's deep gaze fell upon her face for a few seconds. "Don't worry. Dad will protect you."

If that child was indeed Austin's son, Presley would not just sit still and do nothing.

Rosalie lowered her head sadly, and her shoulders trembling slightly. Covering her face weakly, she sobbed.

"What happened today was so sudden. Did someone do it on purpose? It's Genevieve. It must be Genevieve. I saw her smiling maliciously. She must have come for something else. It must be her!" said Rosalie.

She thought, 'Genevieve wants to ruin my life when I'm at my best.

It meant a different thing when Samson's father changed from Anthony to Austin.

Anthony frowned, and a glint of coldness flitted across his eyes.

"Don't speak nonsense without evidence," said Anthony.

His tone was frigid. Then he turned around and walked out indifferently.

"Anthony..." Rosalie bit her lower lip unwillingly and took a deep breath as she stood up.

Finally, her plan worked out without mishap.

She managed to keep her glory and wealth.

Just as she took Samson out, she found that everyone was talking to each other in a low voice and whispering something.

Presley's face was grim. He was looking down at the phone handed over by the server, and his face grew grimmer.

There was a dead silence.

She walked over unconsciously, picked up the phone, and saw the photos and titles posted on the internet. Her pupils suddenly contracted, and her face turned as white as a sheet.

The title wrote: [Arden Dance Group hereby clarifies that Ms. Stewart isn't a professional dancer from our m dance troupe. She had been a janitor for three years and was dismissed for destroying our dancer's family and threatening the dancer with her pregnancy.]

Arden Dance Group had made an official response to the previous event.

Besides, they even stated the reason of her dismissal.

She was dismissed because she had destroyed the family of the dance troupe's dancer and even threatened the dancer with her pregnancy.

Rosalie, who was relieved initially, suddenly hit rock bottom emotionally. She felt uneasy in an instant.

It felt as though she was walking on a tightrope and almost falling to the ground.

Every corner was full of danger.

A chill traveled up her spine as if it would spread to every part of her body.

It seemed that someone around her was whispering, "I thought she was a dancer from Arden Rance Group. I was wondering why I hadn't seen her performance before. It turned out that she was merely a janitor!"

"She's so shameless. So, she has always been a mistress. Now, she even has something to do with the Hoffman family!" someone added.

"Is this child Anthony's son then? Is the Hoffman family taking him in?" someone questioned.

"That child is certainly not a Hoffman, Can't you read that she was dismissed after being a mistress and getting pregnant?" another person chimed in,

Chapter 36

Quincey could not help but go back to slap her in the face.

Slap!

It was such a hard slap.

"Bitch, how dare you say that the child belongs to the Hoffman family when you hooked up with others out there and got fired? Let me tell you. Not any bastard can be a part of the Hoffman family!" Quincey chided.

After saying this in public, Quincey left with her head held high.

Initially, she did not want to acknowledge Samson's identity. Now it was even more impossible for her to do so after seeing the comments on the internet.

Presley's departure had shown that he would not relent easily.

Rosalie quivered and looked at the trending topic on the internet. It seemed like everyone present had seen it.

Her face had turned completely pale. She looked anxious and went to look for Anthony.

Of course, Anthony knew that. His gaze was sharp and icy. As he stared at her, his expression turned ice-cold.

"The child isn't his son, right?" Anthony questioned.

His tone was deep and serious, and he deliberately lowered his voice. The crease between his eyebrows was a sign of him holding back his anger.

Rosalie had been a mistress in the dance troupe for three years. She knew Austin later and got pregnant before she met him.

Anthony's expression turned frosty. He furrowed his brows, his face gloomy and indifferent.

Rosalie shook her head and could not help crying. She looked pitiful and nervous.

"No, the child is a part of the Hoffman family. Arden Dance Group was bought to accuse me deliberately. I was framed. I didn't destroy someone's family!" she explained.

She looked around in the crowd and suddenly saw a person leisurely watching a good show. Her expression immediately froze.

Anger and anxiety continued to surge vigorously in her blood.

Rosalie grabbed her phone tightly. From a false alarm to having the scandal exposed, she had experienced the most exciting day of her life.

She did not believe that all these were just coincidences.

Someone must have been adding fuel to the fire behind this.

Of all these people, Genevieve was most likely the one who did so.

Rosalie shot Genevieve a fierce glance. The latter looked just like she was there to watch a good show, looking at Rosalie as she lost those things that meant a lot to her, little by little.

Rosalie picked up the wine glass next to her and staggered toward Genevieve in the crowd aggressively.

The crowd dispersed, and Genevieve stood there, smiling.

Rosalie took that as a form of provocation.

"Genevieve, you set me up. Go to hell!" Rosalie called out.

She raised the glass in her hand and was about to throw it at force.

Genevieve with all The next instant, before Rosalie could throw the glass over, Jeffrey, who stood beside her, kicked her calf.

Rosalie felt the pain and instantly knelt on the ground. Her face turned pale with pain, and she grunted miserably.

Seeing this, the people around could not help but take a step back.

No one went forward to help her up.

The mother of the eldest grandson of the Hoffman family, who was envied by everyone, suddenly became the public enemy.

Everything happened in just half an hour.

Genevieve slowly walked up to Rosalie with a faint smile. She squatted down slowly and said in a mocking voice, "Ms. Stewart, your own scandal was exposed. Why are you venting your anger on me then? Do you feel sorry that you can no longer be the lady of the Hoffman family?"

Genevieve's tone was extremely icy and indifferent.

Rosalie glared at her angrily with resentment and fear in her eyes. "It's you who bought off Arden Dance Group!"

Genevieve curled her lips into a smile as she stood up. She could not hide the contempt in her gaze. "How could I possibly buy off such a famous dance troupe? Ms. Stewart, it was you who took advantage of the reputation, and they thought you would taint their image!"

She did not deliberately lower her voice, so everyone could hear her.

Rosalie's expression changed drastically, and her eyes were bloodshot and ferocious. She rushed toward Genevieve abruptly, but the latter reacted way faster.

Genevieve calmly took a step back, and Rosalie fell to the ground again, looking extremely awful.

At the same time, Anthony finally could not hold it back any longer and stood forward. Exuding a sense of intimidating

coldness, he pulled her up from the ground and threw her to the security guard next to him without much mercy..

"Take her away," he ordered.

His tone was low and impatient.

Especially when he saw how Rosalie was targeting Genevieve, but the latter seemed unbothered. He felt a strange feeling stirring up within him.

He had been deceived and had nowhere to vent his anger. The veins on his forehead were bulging as he suppressed his emotions.

He did not expect Rosalie to have such a horrible private life.

He thought, What if Samson isn't Austin's son for real? Because of a child who isn't even related to me, I divorced and lost my own child. Wouldn't that be such a joke?'

At the moment, he was overwhelmed with all kinds of emotions.

The people around them began to leave one after another.

Genevieve took Jeffrey's arm and turned to leave.

At the door, Jeffrey was in a good mood, and he was bidding everyone goodbye.

Meanwhile, Genevieve waited patiently next to him.

Anthony caught up with her. The well-fitted suit complemented his tall and straight figure. He stared at her with his deep eyes as he held back his feelings. Then he pursed his lips and asked, "Were you the one who did the DNA test?"

Genevieve arched an eyebrow, neither admitting nor denying.

"Mr. Hoffman, do you have any evidence?" asked Genevieve.

When Anthony saw that she did not deny it, the feelings he had been suppressing eased a little. His thin lips parted as he said, "Because you hate me, and because I still have a place in your heart."

After saying that, he explained patiently, "Samson isn't my child indeed. I only promised someone to take care of them, and I had no

choice but to keep it a secret. Now that you know the truth, don't you feel much better?"

Anthony suddenly felt a little relieved.

He finally told the truth that had been weighing on his mind. All the misunderstandings should be resolved by then..

He had nothing to do with Rosalie, and Samson was not his child. Genevieve must have felt better.

Genevieve glanced at him with a cold and distant look. Wearing a sarcastic smile, she said, "Mr. Hoffman, I'm not interested in your secrets, but you итyрц have my respect for taking care of someone's wife and child. However, if you truly love someone, you wouldn't care about the identity of the dad of her child. Ms. Stewart destroyed so many families before she went back to you. It shows that the two of you are such a perfect match. You'd better not leave each other."

She wore a nonchalant smile, and her reaction was perfunctory.

Her tone was full of gloating and sarcasm.

The next moment, she was about to leave. Anthony grabbed her wrist and stared intently at her as he scrutinized her expression. "She has nothing to do with me, and the truth has been revealed. Aren't you coming back to me?"

Genevieve forcefully shook off his hand. The impatience and indifference in her eyes were o m apparent "It's/none of my business.

We're divorced now, and no one cares if you take care of a homewrecker and her child. It's up to you if you want to be an easy mark."

She did not even bother to hide the impatience and annoyance in her eyes.

"Go back to him? Am I insane?' she wondered.

Initially, she was in a good mood as she got to watch a good show, but now her mood was ruined by his action.

Coldness filled Anthony's eyes. He remained silent and watched her get into the car and leave.

He felt a dull pain in his chest, and he slowly realized that she was still blaming him, Perhaps, she needed time to digest everything, as the truth was unveiled too suddenly. Behind him, the assistant, Daniel came over and said cautiously, "Everyone has left, Mr. Hoffman. Do we need to block the news on the internet?"

The banquet that day was full of twists and turns.

Anthony's eyes turned slightly gloomy as he replied in an apathetic tone, "There's no need to block them. If they're t there's nothing that can be done."

true, Daniel paused for a moment and said, "Just now, Mr. Presley Hoffman asked someone to take Samson to the hospital. I think it's for the DNA test."

Chapter 37

Although Austin passed away, Presley and Samson were also related by blood, so they could do a DNA test.

Anthony nodded coldly.

If the DNA test showed that the child was not Austin's, then his care for Rosalie would come to an end.

On the way back, Genevieve excitedly looked up the gossip on Rosalie on the internet.

She thought she was still living harmoniously with Anthony abroad, but it turned out that she found several backups.

Jeffrey sent her to the company. As Genevieve got upstairs, Jasper pointed at the reception room and said, "Mr. Fallon has been waiting for you here for a while."

Genevieve stopped in her tracks. She could not describe her feelings toward this mysterious Louis.

Although she got her revenge in the incident today, the mastermind behind the scenes was Louis.

She got more curious about what Louis was up to.

She turned around and walked to the reception room.

Louis looked cold and indifferent. He wore a well-tailored haute couture suit over a pair of straight-cut dark trousers. His elegant appearance made people easily drop their guard.

He was holding a magazine in his hand and was browsing it leisurely. He gave off a gentle and noble aura.

When he saw her opening the door, Louis put away the magazine and smiled at her with his gentle gaze.

"Ms. Lawrence, are you happy today?" he asked.

It was as if a thought flashed across Genevieve's mind; she asked him directly, "Were you the one who issued the statement about Arden Dance Group?"

She merely sent in a copy of the DNA test.

She did not pay much attention to Rosalie's private life abroad.

But now, it looked like that DNA test was just the beginning for the Hoffman family.

What made Rosalie lose all standing and reputation was the statement made on Arden Dance Group.

Louis blinked and flashed a bright smile, but no one could tell if there was any hidden meaning in his eyes.

"I only asked a friend of the dance troupe to release the statement. It would be truly valuable if it could lend a hand to Ms. Lawrence, he answered.

Genevieve turned her head slightly and said with a smile, "Mr. Fallon, why did you try so hard to help me?"

"It was love at first sight with you, Ms. Lawrence," he answered.

If he said this to another woman, she might immediately fall for it.

However, Genevieve smiled, raised her eyebrows, and was unfazed.

"Mr. Fallon, businessmen are most concerned about the transactions of profits. You help me, and I help you. It's a fair trade. If you want to bring in such trivial matters, your effort will all be futile," she answered.

Genevieve stood up, smiled widely, and turned to go out.

"Ms. Lawrence, ahem..." Louis called out to stop her with a serious tone. He sounded helpless. "Can you help to speak to Mr. Lawrence to ask him to propose two ideas for the collaboration?"

Genevieve could not help laughing, 'It's easy when it is about money, she thought.

She turned around and raised her eyebrows. "I'll try."

Louis stood up and straightened his suit.

"But I meant what I said just now," he added.

Genevieve smiled half-heartedly. She was unconvinced.

Louis chuckled, and his well-defined features showed his helplessness.

When he got in front of her, he looked down with eyes glowing with hope.

"Ms. Lawrence, next, Anthony will be pestering you. Will your heart soften for him?" he asked.

Genevieve's face stiffened, and she raised her piercing eyes.

"No, I won't," she answered.

"Wonderful." Louis smiled and said, "Why don't you treat me to a meal tomorrow night as a token of appreciation?"

While he was straightforward, he still kept his distance. This made people not feel disgusted toward him.

Genevieve smiled and nodded, "Sure. You can pick the place."

"After all, he helped me, she thought.

Louis shook the key in his hand and said, "I'll pick you up tomorrow. See you."

"See you," she answered.

Genevieve sent him away and went back to the office.

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was an unknown number.

She frowned and answered the phone. Anthony's deep voice came through,

"Genevieve, shall we talk about it and have dinner together tomorrow night?" Anthony asked.

Genevieve's tone was cold and decisive. "I'm busy."

up the p Then, she hung up the phone and blocked the number.

'Sick!" she thought.

Not long after, Jasper knocked on the door and came in.

"Ms. Lawrence, the business dinner for the Sincapital project is tomorrow. Is that okay with you?" Jasper asked.

Genevieve had many thoughts on her mind at the same time, and it made her frustrated.

'Why do they all want to have dinner tomorrow?' she thought.

She had already made a deal with Louis, so she should not change it.

"Reject it. I have a prior engagement tomorrow evening," she said.

Jasper nodded and said, "Okay, I'll discuss with them to reschedule."

Genevieve nodded and called Jeffrey to explain what Louis asked for. Jeffrey was silent for a few seconds and said calmly, "Okay, I see. Get him to discuss with me."

He was relieved, but it felt like he was not.

Anyway, she helped to convey the message, so Genevieve smiled and hung up.

Presley was a shrewd man. He waited almost four or five hours in the hospital until the DNA test results came out, so there would not be any errors in verifying blood relations.

When he heard that Austin passed away, he was truly sad for a moment. However, since they did not have a father-and-son relationship, the sadness he had soon vanished when he got pissed with the scandal Rosalie stirred up.

The DNA test came out.

He scanned through the document and threw it to Quincey. Then, he left the hospital with a pale face.

Quincey examined the result carefully which said "unrelated." She breathed a sigh of relief.

The property of the Hoffman family still belonged to them.

"No one should even come and touch it, she thought.

She immediately called Anthony to tell him about this and did not forget to warn her son.

"Forget about how you got close to them behind my back. I tell you, if you are thinking of raising Austin's son nking of and side with outsiders rather than your own family, I will disown you as my son!" she said.

She breathed deeply and confidently. After being filled with anxiety and fear the whole day, she could finally be relieved.

Then, she also called the housekeeper at home.

"Pack up that kid's things and throw them away. It's bad luck to leave them at home," she ordered.

She saw that the child was still sleeping in the housekeeper's arms. Her love for him earlier had long been gone. She now could not even stand the sight of him.

"Mrs. Hoffman, what about Samson?" the housekeeper asked. Quincey sneered disapprovingly. "What about Samson? He's just a jerk. Go send him to Rosalie where he came from."

She said as she picked up her bag and left haughtily.

Anthony hung up the phone and rubbed his temples. His face was filled with tiredness.

The result was so shocking.

'Samson is not Austin's child! What did I do all this while? Because of Rosalie and her child, I split up with my wife and child, he thought.

At the thought of Genevieve and the unborn child, he felt an overwhelming sense of remorse and pain in his chest in hindsight.

The throbbing pain slowly spread in his heart. It was like countless hooks stabbed d into it and pulled out his flesh and blood.

He was surrounded by deceit, profit, coldness, and cruelty. 'How precious it was when I could see the smiling face of Genevieve when I got home back then, he thought as he realized.

But now, it was all gone.

He truly regretted it.

Daniel knocked on the door and came in. "Mr. Hoffman, Ms. Lawrence's assistant tomorrow's business dinner for Sincapital. She already has an appointment," he said.

"Got it," Anthony answered.

The man's voice was heavy.

Chapter 38

The following evening, Louis arrived early to pick up Genevieve.

Descending the stairs, Genevieve presented an image of mature charm, clad in a simple yet sophisticated professional sult. Her makeup, understated yet enhancing, drew particular attention to her sparkling eyes, captivating onlookers.

Their destination, a private dining restaurant selected earlier, was a bit of a drive away but boasted an ambiance well worth the journey.

It was an ideal venue for a romantic couple's outing.

Louis, in a gesture of classic romance, presented Genevieve with a bouquet of roses he had prepared. Accepting the flowers with an awkward smile, Genevieve remarked, "Mr. Fallon, you're too formal..."

Louis replied with a smile, "Since you're treating me to dinner, offering you roses is only fair, Ms. Lawrence."

Genevieve found herself at a loss for words.

Louis, adept at filling any lulls in conversation, ensured that dining with him was a comfortable experience.

Their exchange gradually became more relaxed, filled with laughter and chat, though to a certain onlooker, their interaction might seem a bit unusual and somewhat of an eyesore.

From his vantage point on the second floor, Anthony watched the scene below intently, a gloom expression on his face.

The lower level, adorned with flowers and surrounded by wooden structures draped in greenery, resembled a charming seat under a swing.

It was enhanced by the subdued lighting and shadows, creating a romantically misty atmosphere.

Genevieve and Louis sat opposite each other, their eyes gleaming in the soft light.

The ambiance was tender and sweet.

Brendan, seated opposite Anthony, couldn't help but comment, "Genevieve is so beautiful. She seems like a perfect match for that man!"

As a fervent admirer of Genevieve, Brendan saw her in an impeccable light.

Anthony's reaction to Brendan's words was immediate and sharp. His icy gaze bore into Brendan as he coldly retorted through gritted teeth, "She's with someone who resembles me because she hasn't gotten over me."

Anthony harbored the thought that Genevieve's lingering feelings for him led her to choose someone similar in appearance as a substitute. He assumed that she still harbored unresolved emotions for him, her former love.

Brendan, observing Anthony closely, countered, "Resembles you? That man appears much gentler than you, Anthony!"

Anthony's expression darkened at Brendan's words. 'Is that so?' he uttered sharply.

Realizing his misstep, Brendan quickly amended his statement, "Of course, he's not as good as you, Anthony. But since you're divorced, why does it matter who she dates?"

Anthony's response, delivered with a somber expression, was pointed. "She belongs to me. I'm merely keeping an eye on what she's doing. Is there anything wrong with that?"

Brendan's expression turned to a frown when he heard this. "I recently saw a scandal, or rather, the news involving you and Rosalie online. Weren't you two on favorable terms? Are you now regretting the divorce?"

Anthony fell silent, introspectively pondering, 'Do I regret it?'

Deep down, he might have harbored some regrets, but more than that, he felt remorse for Genevieve and their unborn child, yearning to make things right.

Brendan, unable to contain his excitement, suggested, "If that's the case, you should make an effort to win her back. Approach her gently and do some sweet talk, women are often swayed by such gestures."

Anthony, with a furrowed brow, contemplated, 'Gentle? Sweet talk? Aren't those traits typical of scumbags?'

He dismissed Brendan's advice without much consideration.

Observing Anthony's fixed gaze on the couple below, Brendan noticed his increasingly stern demeanor, as if he was struggling to contain a surge of anger.

"Anthony didn't seem to care much about Genevieve when she was still his wife, though!" Brendan thought.

He cleared his throat and attempted to advise Anthony, "You ought to behave like a true gentleman, mve Anthony, it's perfectly normal for Genevieve to be dating others since you're divorced. You should display some magnanimity as a man."

Before Brendan could complete his thoughts, Anthony abruptly stood, his eyes icy and resolute. "You don't understand anything! She's chosen someone resembling me, which clearly indicates she hasn't forgotten me. Don't interfere and jeopardize our relationship!"

With these chilling words, he turned and strode decisively downstairs.

Meanwhile, Genevieve was engaging Louis in a conversation about the Eagle Entertainment project, which he found intriguing.

The orange, radiant lights around them subtly illuminated their profiles, encapsulating the scene in a picturesque, frozen moment.

Anthony, leaning against the wall, observed them for a few seconds.

His expression grew codecahe approached, remarking in a casual yet indifferent tone, "What a coincidence. Are you discussing business matters here?"

Chapter 39

As Anthony cast a brief glance at the seated duo, Louls maintained a deep, inscrutable expression, revealing nothing of his Inner emotions.

Genevieve, slightly taken aback by Anthony's sudden arrival, maintained her composure and discreetly shifted her gaze away.

Feeling a sinking sensation in his heart, Anthony Inhaled deeply, subtly adjusted a chair next to their table, and inquired politely, yet firmly. "Would you mind if I join you?"

Genevieve and Louis, In unison, replied, "Yes."

The atmosphere abruptly shifted to a tense silence.

Anthony, narrowing his eyes sharply, seated himself assertively between them, emanating a faint scent of peppermint smoke.

His intrusion disrupted the previously harmonious vibe, yet Anthony displayed no remorse, even managing a smile.

Noticing the bouquet of roses on the table, a trace of iciness flickered across Anthony's eyes. He turned his darkened gaze toward Genevieve.

"There are still some unresolved details regarding the Sincapital project. Perhaps we could discuss them elsewhere?" His voice, though cold, was deliberately moderated to sound as gentle as possible.

Genevieve's lips tightened as she raised her eyes to Anthony, her voice flat and unyielding. "Today isn't a good time. Let's schedule it for another day."

She took a discreet sip of her drink, masking her growing annoyance.

Since their divorce, Anthony's unexpected appearances had become increasingly frequent. 'Why can't he just fade into the background as he used to?' Genevieve wondered.

Anthony, facing rejection yet again, visibly struggled to maintain his composure, his expression betraying a mix of displeasure and effort to remain calm. Regaining his emotional equilibrium, he managed a light chuckle. "Another time then. It's rather inconvenient with an outsider present."

With a wave of his hand, he summoned the server, adopting the air of a casual host. "Please add another set of cutlery."

'As if I would leave them alone for a private moment, Anthony thought defiantly.

Genevieve, taken aback by his audacity, silently questioned, 'How can he be so shameless?'

Rising from her seat, she turned to Louis with a forced smile, "I think we should call it a night, Mr. Fallon. I'm feeling a bit tired and would like to head back for some rest."

Louis, ever the gentleman, stood up with a smile. "What a coincidence, I was just about to leave as well. Allow me to drive you home."

Louis' offer was echoed by Anthony's frosty interjection, "Let me drive you home."

A tense silence enveloped the group.

Anthony's icy gaze fell on Louis.

Genevieve, ignoring Anthony's presence, graciously accepted Louis' offer, "Thank you, Mr. Fallon."

Louis responded with a polite nod and a smile, "It's my honor."

As Genevieve descended the stairs, she didn't notice a protruding piece of wood and stumbled, sharp pain shooting through her ankle.

Struggling to regain her balance, she was suddenly steadied by a strong force behind her, finding herself against a man's firm chest, the faint scent of tobacco wafting up her nose.

"Ms. Lawrence, did you hurt your foot?" Anthony inquired with concern.

Before Louis could reach her, Anthony had already knelt down, gently examining her ankle.

Louis' brows furrowed slightly, a hint of displeasure flashing in his eyes.

As Genevieve watched Anthony kneel and touch her ankle, she felt uncomfortable and attempted to pull away, but the pain intensified with every movement.

Holding her ankle firmly, Anthony looked up, his voice stern. "It's a sprain. You should see a doctor immediately."

A frown marred Genevieve's countenance as she endured the pain and took a forceful step back. "There's no need for your concern. I'll take care of it once I'm home."

But Anthony was not one to take no for an answer. Swiftly, he scooped her up, securing her waist with his arm, Genevieve's attempts to wriggle free were futile as Anthony held her tightly, striding confidently toward his car.

"Anthony Hoffman, put me down!" Genevieve demanded.

Anthony's expression turned grave, his voice cold and commanding. "Don't move."

Ignoring her protests, he carefully placed her in his car, shutting the door with a decisive slam.

The icy gaze in Anthony's eyes, coupled with his furrowed brows, conveyed a mix of cold detachment and hostility. Addressing Louis with an air of dismissive indifference, he stated firmly, "Thank you, Mr. Fallon, but I've got this situation."

under control."

Louis, struggling to maintain his composure, narrowed his eyes and retorted, "I was the one who brought her here, only right that I see her off."

so it's Neither man showed any signs of backing down, as the air grew thick with tension.

Anthony, taking a step closer and exuding an icy demeanor, retorted, "Mr. Fallon, there's no need for you to concern yourself

with someone who doesn't belong to you. You're not the one who gets to make these decisions."

Anthony's tone was unmistakably arrogant, his presence imposing and unyielding, making no attempt to mask his true feelings.

Louis, eyes narrowing further, was about to respond, but Anthony had already turned and entered his car.

For Anthony, his patience with Louis had been stretched to its breaking point.

A tumultuous mix of anger and an indefinable emotion surged within him, fueling a rising urge to confront Louis directly if the conversation continued.

As Calvin stepped on the gas pedal, the car sped off, leaving nothing but a trail of dust behind.

Genevieve sat coldly beside Anthony. The distance between them was notably vast, as if there was room for two more people.

Anthony rubbed his forehead, attempting to quell the emotions that had momentarily overtaken him, and directed Calvin, "Head to the hospital."

Genevieve's gaze on Anthony was devoid of warmth, her voice equally unemotional as she said, 'Thank you for the ride to the hospital, Mr. Hoffman, but there's no need for such gestures in the future.'

Her words of gratitude lacked any semblance of sincerity.

Anthony's lips tightened, and a visible vein throbbed on his forehead as he pondered, 'Why must we be so formal with each other?'

His tone laced with sarcasm, Anthony inquired, "So, you'd prefer Louis to take you there?"

Genevieve's response was direct, "He would be a more appropriate choice. Don't you think?"

Internally, she reasoned, 'It's better to have Louis escort me than my ex-

husband. Besides, I want nothing to do with him.'

A sneer formed on Anthony's gloomy face, his eyes darkening once more.

Unable to contain his thoughts, he voiced them bitterly. "Appropriate? NO Even if you're looking for someone, you should choose someone who bears a striking resemblance to me. Is it because you still have feelings for me and can't move on, so you sought out a substitute?"

Chapter 40

'A substitute?' she questioned inwardly. Genevieve turned her head, looked at Anthony's face for a full three seconds, and then moved away.

She thought it was ridiculous and absurd. She mused, 'Do I have to find a substitute? I didn't even want to take a look at him now!'

It was true that when she first met Louis, she thought they were somewhat similar.

However, upon closer interaction, they had completely different personalities and couldn't find a trace of another person in each other.

'Not like she's a pervert!' she exclaimed inwardly. She looked outside in silence, chuckled lightly, and mentally rolled her eyes to the back of her head.

She didn't explain immediately. In Anthony's eyes, her silence implied acquiescence.

'See, I have made it to the points!' Anthony smiled slightly, and his heart felt relieved.

He loosened his neckline and said in a relaxed tone, "The past is over. If you want, we can still be the same as before, You don't have to find some fakes."

Genevieve, whose eyes were looking down, raised her eyes right away and shifted her eyes to look at Anthony's face.

She had almost run out of patience. She leaned forward and suddenly approached the man beside her, wanting to see how shameless he was!

The distance between them instantly narrowed.

Anthony looked at Genevieve, who had suddenly come close to him. Her lips were bright as if inviting him to take a step closer.

Anthony thought what he said had convinced her, and she was now tempted.

Suddenly, he thought of her tender waist just now. He can still feel the temperature at his fingertips. It made him feel enticed.

He narrowed his eyes and felt his heart beat faster.

But the next second, Genevieve suddenly pinched his face. Her sparkling eyes were full of indifference and coldness. Then, she smiled gently and said, "Mr. Hoffman, you should go back and look in the mirror. You are different from Louis."

She made the uninviting hand gestures and returned to her original position.

She ignored Anthony's stiff face and added, "Besides, I don't know how confident you are that you think I will come to you as you wave. Do you think everyone is as bitchy as Ms. Stewart?"

With the softest tone, she spoke the most ruthless words.

1/4

"How can the past be over? Genevieve exclaimed inwardly.

She would always remember how much they hurt and insulted her.

Anthony's face suddenly turned gloomy while his thin lips compressed into a straight line. Somewhere in his heart, it seemed to be throbbing uncontrollably, He couldn't understand why.

She knocked on the window and said in a flat tone, "Stop the car. My driver is coming."

Just now, when she got in the car, she contacted her driver right away.

"Right behind you now," she added.

Calvin didn't dare to respond. As Anthony had remained silent, he had to bite the bullet and pretend not to hear it.

Genevieve glanced at Anthony indifferently and said coldly. "If you don't stop, I will jump out of the car."

The way she said that was as calm as someone talking about what to eat for dinner.

She was not joking at all.

Only then did Anthony realize that when he was with Genevieve, the aura around her was cold and piercing.

Unlike when she was with Louis and other men, her aura was soft.

He felt a strong tightness in his chest.

There was a moment of silence in the car.

"Stop the car," he ordered in a hoarse voice. Only then did Calvin dare to move the car slowly to the side of the road and stop it.

Anthony wanted to say something more, but Genevieve had already opened the door quickly and jumped out of the car.

He frowned and immediately got out of the car. He thought, 'Didn't she know that her foot was injured?'

The driver who followed had arrived. He nodded to Anthony and went over to help Genevieve.

Anthony's face darkened. He stepped forward and grabbed her arm. "I'll walk you up.

Anthony didn't say anything, and just when she was about to carry her up, Calvin suddenly ran down, took the phone that he had just answered, and said in a hurry, "Mr. Hoffman, I just heard from Ms. Stewart that she was going to jump off the building."

His words made the atmosphere around him freeze for a moment.

Genevieve forcefully got rid of his hand and sneered casually, "Hurry up! Your Sweetheart is about to jump off the building!"

Anthony narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "I told you she has nothing to do with me, and she's not my sweetheart."

To him, these words sounded harsh.

Initially, he allowed Genevieve to misunderstand his relationship with Rosalie, which led them to where they were today.

So now, he was not going to make that same mistake again.

Genevieve chuckled and said, "You sacrificed your marriage and child in exchange for her. How is that woman not a sweetheart?"

The coldness in words had all melted into this sentence.

When Anthony felt stunned and froze, she turned around and left.

Her sprained ankle didn't affect her speed of leaving.

She got in the car quickly and left him behind.

After getting into the car, she was gradually feeling the throbbing pain in her foot.

Genevieve's calm and cold expression shattered gradually, and she sneered.

Anthony had been trying so hard to get Genevieve back. "Is he trying to salvage the declining reputation of Hoffman Group in the easiest way?" she thought.

Indeed, if she succumbed to Anthony now, she would be accused of someone who gave in for money.

She took a deep breath and felt cold in her heart.

Suddenly, Genevieve wondered if Rosalie would jump, Jumping off the building?

Thinking of this, she asked the driver to turn around.

The sky was gloomy.

Anthony watched Genevieve's car leave as he thought of what she said last.

He felt that the weight on his chest was about to suffocate him, and he could hardly breathe.

He felt so helpless.

Genevieve hadn't forgiven him yet.

that Calvin looked anxiously at Anthony as he said urgently, "Mr. Hoffman, Ms.

Stewart is going to jump off the building."

Anthony always cared about Rosalie, which made people around him perceive Rosalie as the mistress of the house.

But at this moment

me that she was going to jump off the building?"

His tone was cold, which made Calvin shudder abruptly.

Calvin didn't dare to make a sound.

He felt shivers in his heart.

Anthony got in the car and said sternly. "Tell her to either go abroad or jump off the building. I won't care about her.

anymore."

He had done everything he could for Rosalie.

Rosalie played him around, and the cost he paid for it was substantial.

Calvin didn't dare to procrastinate and hurriedly responded as he got into the car.

But after sending Anthony back to the company, he replied to Rosalie with trembling hands, Ms. Stewart, NO Mr. Hoffman knew that you were going to jump off the building, but he... just went to the company."

She quickly replied, "Got it. Thank you."

At Hoffman Group.

Anthony was extremely annoyed.

Rosalie was still a trouble after all.

While he was thinking, his phone rang. Rosalie had sent him a photo..

'She jumped off the building!' Anthony yelled silently within.